

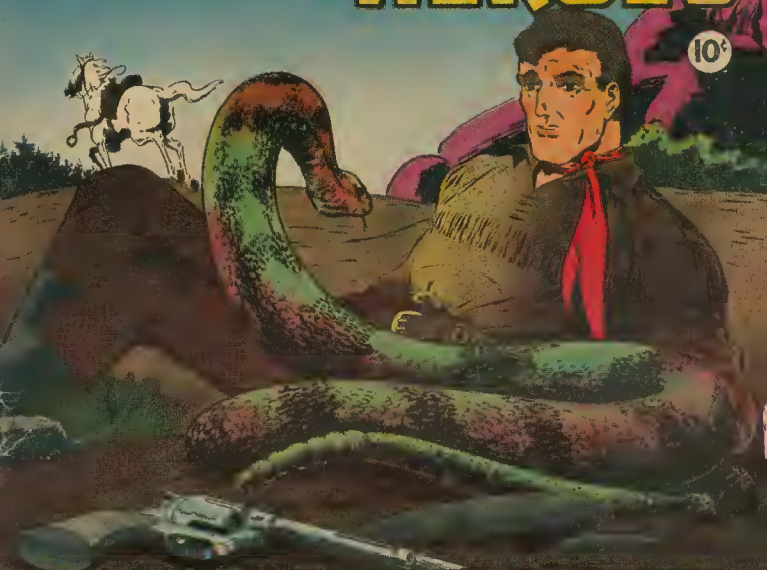
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PUBLICATION
CDC
COWBOY WESTERN

No. 47

10

COWBOY WESTERN HEROES

10¢



SENTENCE OF DEATH



CRY FOR REVENGE



THE WAY OF A KILLER



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

YOU PRACTICE COMMUNICATIONS with Kits I Send You

Build This Transmitter

As part of my Communications Course I send you parts to build the low power Broadcast Transmitter shown at the right (see it to get practical experience putting a station "on the air") performs procedures required of Broadcast Station operators. You build many other pieces of equipment with kits I send. I train you for your FCC Commercial Operator's License.



YOU PRACTICE SERVICING with Kits I Send You

Build This Tester

You build this Multivibrator from parts I send, use it to earn extra money in your spare time fixing neighbors' Radios. I also send you speaker tubes, chassis, transformer, loop antenna, everything you need to build a modern Radio and other equipment. You get practical experience working with circuits common to both Radio and Television. All equipment is yours to keep. See and read about it in my FREE 64-page book. Just cut out and mail coupon below!



J. E. Smith
has trained more men
in Radio TV
than any other man

I Will Train You at Home to be a RADIO-TELEVISION Technician

TELEVISION

Today's Good Job Maker

TV now reaches from coast-to-coast. Over 16 million TV sets are now in use; 108 TV stations are operating and 1890 new TV stations have been authorized. This means more jobs, good pay jobs with bright futures. Now is the time to get ready for success in TV. Find out what Radio-Television offers you. Mail coupon now for my 2 Books FREE!

America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You Good Pay, Success

Do you want a good pay job, a bright future, security? Then get into the fast growing RADIO-TELEVISION industry. Hundreds I've trained are successful RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIANS. Most had no previous experience, many no more than grammar school education. Keep your job while training at home. Learn RADIO-TELEVISION principles from easy-to-understand lessons. Get practical experience on actual equipment you build with parts I send you.

I TRAINED THESE MEN

Has Growing Business
"I am becoming an expert Tele Technician as well as a Radiotechnician. Without your practical course I feel this would have been impossible. My business continues to grow!"
-Philip G. Progan, Louisville, Ky.

Good Job with Station
"I am Broadcast Engineer at WLPM. Another technician and I have opened a Radio-TV service shop in our spare time. Big TV sales here as a result. We have more work than we can handle!" -J. H. Bentley, Jr., Suffolk, Va.

Prizes NRI as Best Course
"I was a high school student when I enrolled. My friends began to bring their Radios to me. I realized a profit of \$500 in the time I completed the course!" -John Hopper, Nitro, West Va.

**AVAILABLE
to all qualified
VETERANS
UNDER G.I. BILL**

NRI Training Leads to Good Jobs Like These

Broadcasting: Chief Technician, Chief Operator, Power Monitor, Recording Operator, Remote Control Operator, Servicing Home and Auto Radios, P.A. Systems, Television Receivers, Electronic Controls, FM Radios. In Radio Plants: Design Assistant, Transmitter Design Technician, Tester, Serviceman, Service Manager. Ship and Harbor Radio: Chief Operator, Assistant Operator, Radiotelephone Operator, Government Radio Operator in Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard, Forestry Service Dispatcher, Airways Radio Operator. Aviation Radio: Transmitter Technician, Receiver Technician, Airport Transmitter Operator, Television. Pick-up Operator, Voice Transmitter Operator, Television Technician, Remote Control Operator, Servicing and Maintenance Technician.

Make Extra Money in Spare Time While Training

The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS that show you how to service neighbors' Radios in spare time while training. Use MULTITESTER you build to help service sets, get practical experience working on circuits common to both Radio and Television. Find out how you can realize your ambition to be successful in the prosperous RADIO-TELEVISION industry. Even without Television, the industry is bigger than ever before. 105 million home and auto Radios, over 2900 Radio Stations, expanding Aviation and Police Radio, Micro-Wave Relay, FM and Television are making opportunities for Servicing and Communications Technicians.

Mail Coupon — Find Out What Radio-TV Offers You

Send for my FREE DOUBLE OFFER. Cut out and mail coupon below. Send in envelope or paste on postal. You will get actual Servicing Lesson to prove it's practical to learn at home. You'll also receive my 64-page Book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." Read what my graduates are doing, earning, see photos of equipment you practice with at home. J. E. Smith, President, Dept. 3KK3
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

Good for Both—FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 3KK3
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Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book, FREE. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

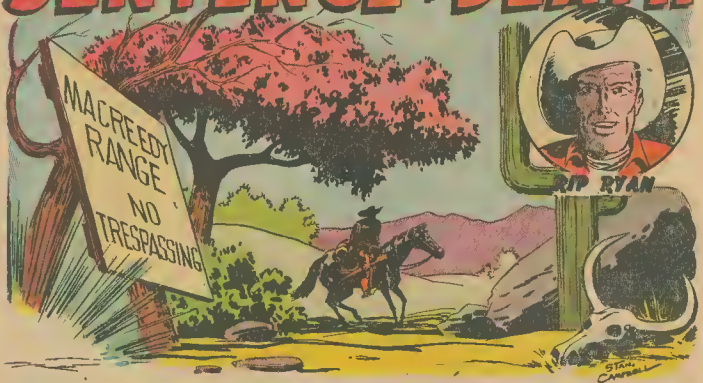
VETS write in date of discharge _____

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COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

THE PECOS SHOOK TO THE EDGAR OF A KILLER'S .45, AND THE SMALL RANCHES WERE DISAPPEARING INTO THE VAST RANGE OF THE EMPIRE BUILDER UNTIL MARSHAL RIP RYAN SET FORTH TO PUT AN END TO THE CARNAGE, UNDER BOSS MACREEDY'S...

SENTENCE OF DEATH

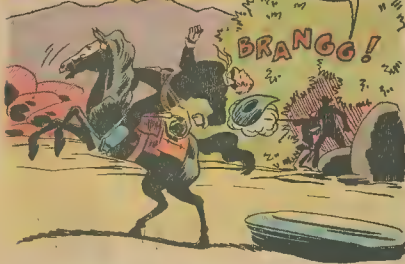


COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

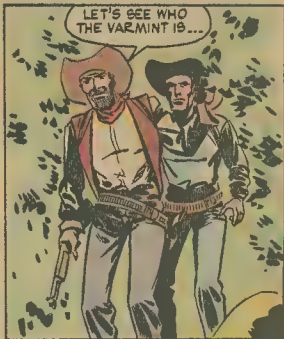
AS THE RIDER DRAWS ABREAST OF THE MESQUITE THICKET, THE AMBUSER'S RIFLE SPEAKS...

YA GOT HIM, ED!

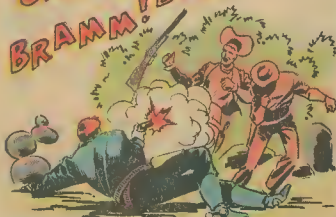
BRANGG!



LET'S BEE WHO THE VARMINT IS...



CRACK!
BRAMM! BAM!



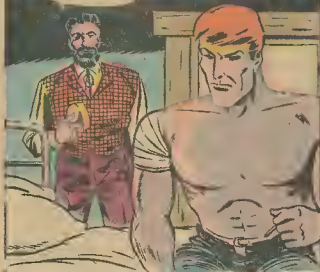
SUDDENLY THE "DEAD" RIDER ROLLS OVER... HIS RIGHT HAND BECOMES A BLUR OF SPEED FROM HIS HOLSTER... A COLT CRASHES...

YOU BOYS SHOULD KNOW BETTER'N TO SHOOT A MAN IN THE SHOULDER AND THEN SHOW YOURSELVES! TOO BAD! NOW WHERE'S MY FOOL HORSE GONE TO...?



THERE... DROP BY THE OFFICE TOMORROW, MR. MLEOD. AND I'LL CHANGE THAT DRESSING FOR YOU

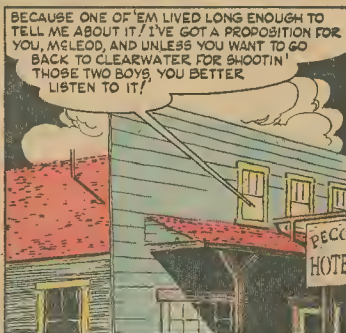
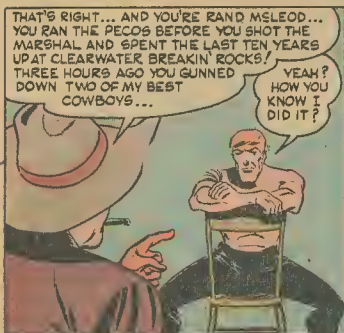
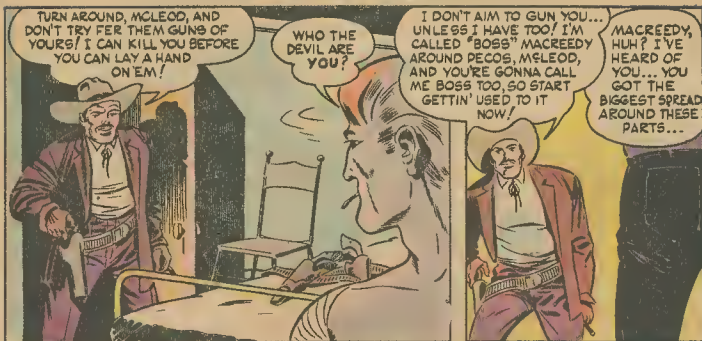
THANKS, DOC. I'LL DO THAT/



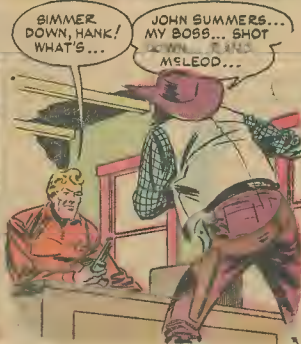
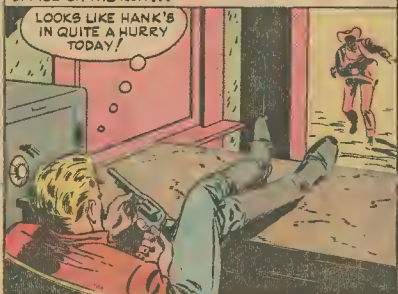
DOC KENNEDY AIN'T FORGOT ME IN TEN YEARS... WONDER HOW MANY MORE OF 'EM WILL REMEMBER WHO RAND MLEOD IS ... AND HOW I USED TO RUN THIS TOWN ...



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



TWO DAYS AFTER THE TALK IN THE PECOS HOTEL ROOM, MARSHAL RIP RYAN WATCHES A COWBOY APPROACH HIS OFFICE ON THE RUN...



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

HEY... TAKE IT EASY, MAN, AND MAKE SENSE! I'VE HEARD OF RAND MELEDD... WHAT HAPPENED AT SUMMERS' RANCH?

MELEDD RODE ONTO THE SPREAD EARLY THIS MORNING WITH THREE OF MACREEDY'S MEN, THREW FORTY DOLLARS ON THE GROUND AND TOLD JOHN IT WAS TO PAY FOR HIS RANCH AND TO PACK UP AND GIT! JOHN WENT FOR HIS GUN AND MELEDD SHOT HIM, FIRED THE BUILDINGS, AND LEFT...

MACREEDY'S BEEN BUYIN' MORTGAGES ON ALL THE LITTLE SPREADS AND FORECLOSIN' ON 'EM FOR MONTHS! EVERYBODY KNEW ABOUT IT! NOW HE'S HIRED RAND MELEDD TO GET HIM THE REST OF THE RANCHES AROUND HERE... ANY WAY HE CAN!



I KNEW ABOUT THE FORECLOSURES, TOO, BUT THEY WERE LEGAL! NOW HE'S GOT THE IDEA HE'S BIG ENOUGH TO TAKE OVER THE WHOLE PECOS... WITH MELEDD THROWIN' HIS LEAD FOR HIM, HUH? ROUND UP A DOZEN MEN, HANK, SO'S I CAN SWEAR 'EM IN AS DEPUTIES...



AND AT THE LANE RANCH, NORTH OF PECOS...

THAT MAKES TWO RANCHES WE'VE "BOUGHT" WITH THIS SAME FORTY BUCKS TODAY, BOYS! BUSINESS IS PICKIN' UP!



UGHHH...!

KRANG!

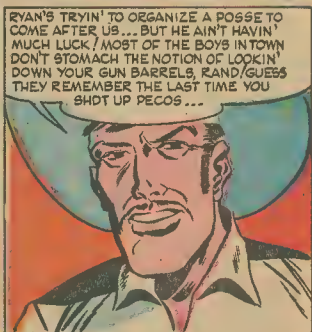
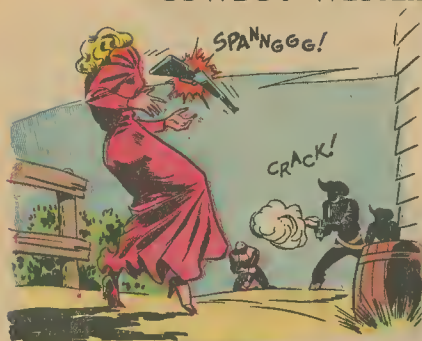


LOOK OUT... IT'S LANE'S WIFE... SHE'S GOT A GUN!

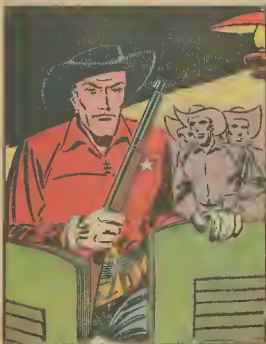


THE THREE GUNMEN'S GLOATING IS INTERRUPTED BY A RIFLE SHOT, AND ONE OF THEM STAGGERS BACKWARD!

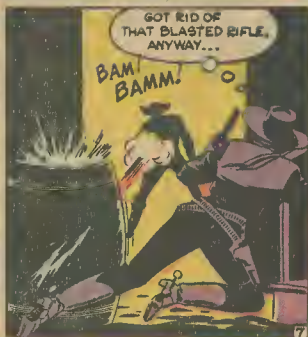
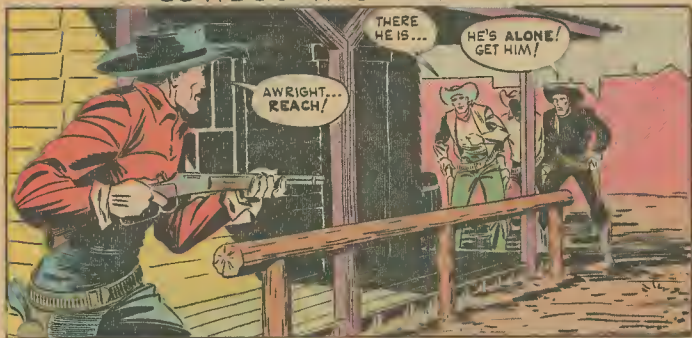
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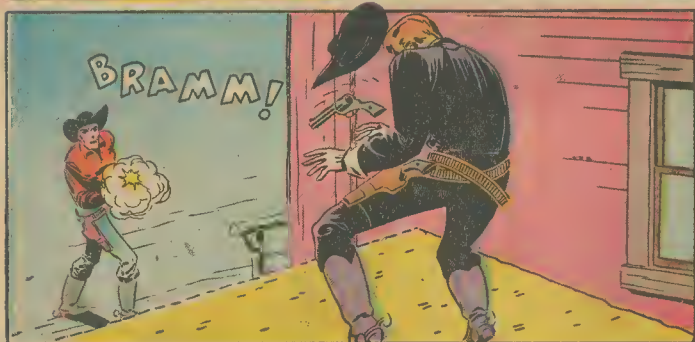
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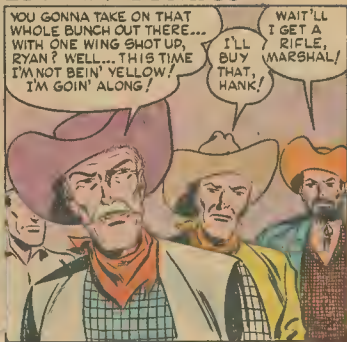
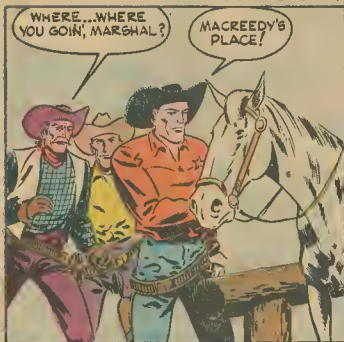
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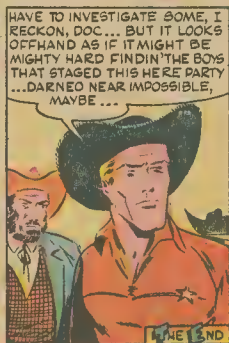
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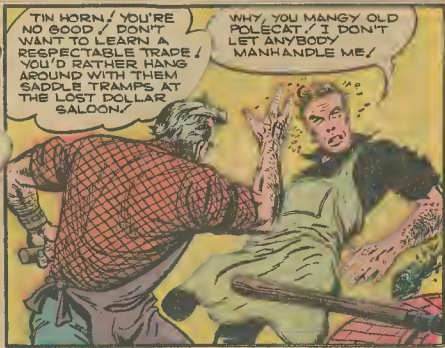
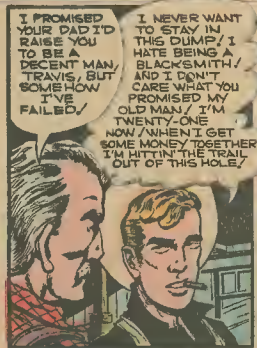


AN HOUR LATER THE POSSE APPROACHES THE MACREEDY SPREAD...

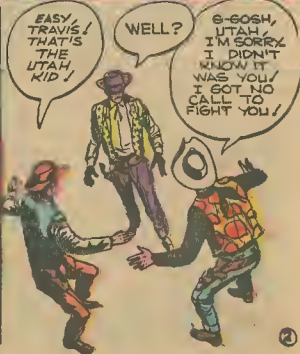
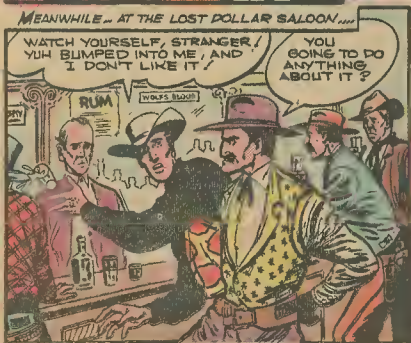
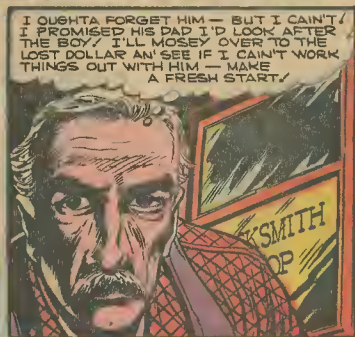
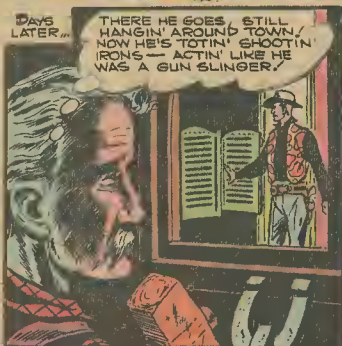
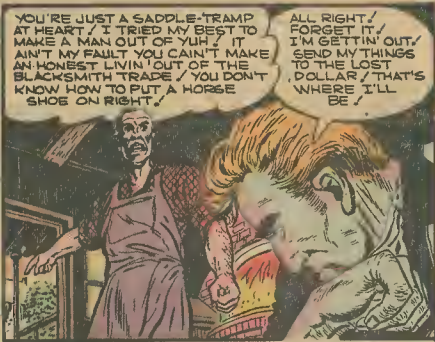


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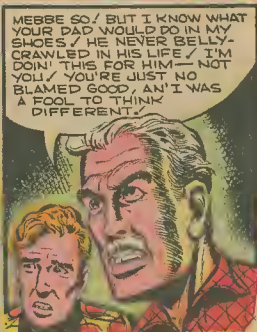
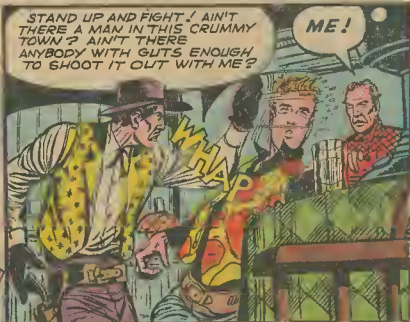
TOD GAULT HAD MADE A PROMISE TO A YOUNG FRIEND, AND FOR TWENTY YEARS WAS BOUND BY HIS WORD / BUT ONLY WHEN A SUN-SLINGER'S BULLET FOUND ITS MARK, DID THE OLD MAN REALIZE THAT THE YOUTH HE HAD PLEDGED TO RAISE WAS ONE WHO FOLLOWED...



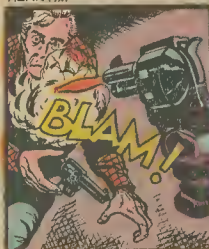
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COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



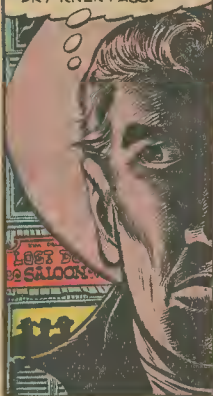
A SPLIT SECOND LATER, THE TWO GUNS SPIT ORANGE FLAME! THERE IS THE ACRID SMELL OF GUNSMOKE, AND TOD CRUMPLES TO THE FLOOR, A FAST-SPREADING CRIMSON STAIN OVER HIS HEART.



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

LATER -

WHERE CAN I GO? I DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY. THERE MUST BE SOME WAY I CAN SHOW 'EM I SHOULD STAY HERE. I KNOW. I'LL HEAD UTAH OFF AT DRY RIVER PASS.



SOON ... A SHORT DISTANCE FROM TOWN, TRAVIS LURKS IN AMBUSH, AND WATCHES A RIDER GALLOP ALONG THE TRAIL.



UTAH GALLOPS PAST, AND THE HEAVY SILENCE IS BROKEN AS TRAVIS EMPTIES A RIFLE INTO HIS VICTIM'S BACK.



I'LL TAKE HIS GUN BELT AN' HOSS, THEN TOSS HIS BODY DOWN THE RAVINE WHERE THE COYOTES'LL MAKE SURE NOBODY EVER FINDS HIM. WHY I'LL BE A BIG HERO BACK IN TOWN.



NEXT MORNING...

LOOK HERE, TRAVIS - WE WARNED YUH TO STAY OUT OF TOWN!

JUMPIN' HORNED TOADS,

THAT'S UTAH'S HOSS AN' GUN BELT / WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE / I HAD A SHOOT-OUT WITH HIM / NOW, I RECKON I'M GOIN' TO STAY HERE AS LONG AS I LIKE.



ANY OF YOU GENTS CARE TO ARGUE THE POINT?

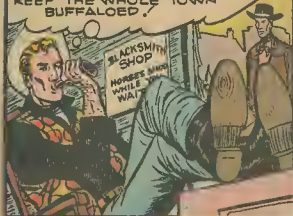
HECK NO, TRAVIS! ANYBODY COULD LOSE HIS NERVE LIKE YOU DID WITH UTAH - BUT YOU MORE'N MADE UP FOR IT!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

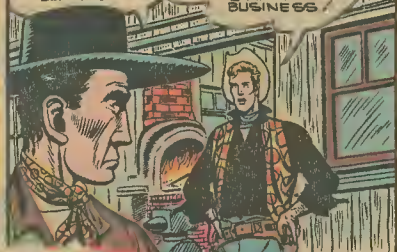
THREE
DAYS
LATER...

NOBODY KNOWS THAT I
TOOK A FULL MONEY
BELT FROM UTAH, I'M
SITTIN' SOFT NOW,
WHEN I FEEL LIKE PULLIN' UP
STAKES, I WILL — BUT UNTIL
THEN I'LL HANG AROUND AN'
KEEP THE WHOLE TOWN
BUFFALOED.



MISTER, I'M
CALLED LARAMIE —
AN' I'M LOOKIN'
FOR TRAVIS
LARKIN.

THAT'S ME / IF IT'S
BLACKSMITH WORK
YOU WANT, GO FIND
ANOTHER PLACE,
I AIN'T IN
BUSINESS.



NOTHIN' LIKE THAT, I
HEAR YOU CHILLED UTAH,
AN' THAT'S JAKE WITH
ME, I NEED A GUN
SLINGER LIKE YOU TO
WORK WITH ME.

WHAT
KIND OF
WORK?



I HIT A COUPLE OF
BANKS IN THE PAN-
HANDLE AN' DONE
GOOD, I'D DO TWICE
AS GOOD WITH A
FARD WHO COULD
THROW A GUN LIKE
YOU, WE'LL MAKE
OUR DOUGH FAST AN'
EASY, THEN VAMOOSE
OVER THE BORDER,
THERE'S A BANK IN
SALIDA JUST ITCHIN'
TO BE KNOCKED OFF!
HOW ABOUT IT?



WHY NOT? I'M SICK
OF THIS FLY TRAP!

BUT ON THEIR VERY FIRST JOB,
AN ALERT BANK CLERK WITH A
FAST DRAW BREAKS UP THE
PARTNERSHIP ALMOST BEFORE
IT STARTS...

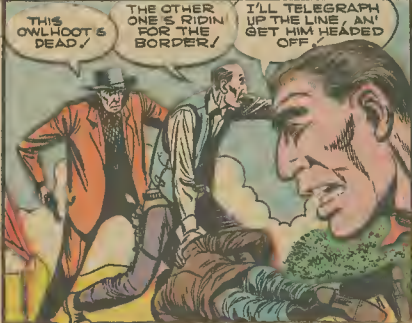
GOTTA
MAKE
TRACKS!



THIS
OWLHOOT &
DEAD!

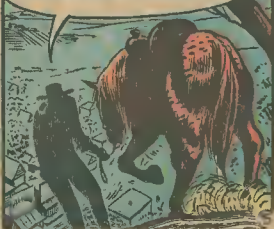
THE OTHER
ONE'S RIDIN'
FOR THE
BORDER!

I'LL TELEGRAPH
UP THE LINE, AN'
GET HIM HEADED
OFF.

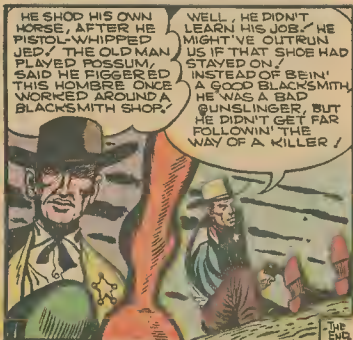
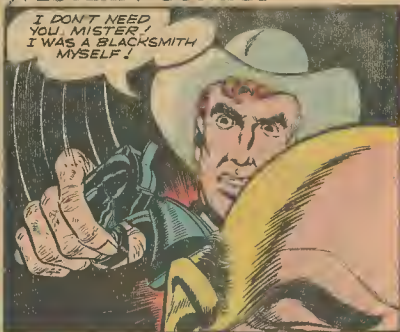
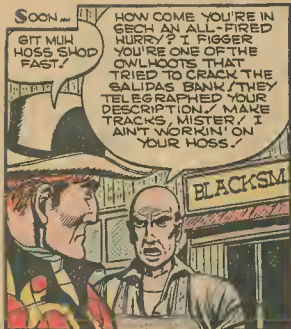


TRAVIS DRIVES HIS HORSE FOR
HOURS AT TOP SPEED UNTIL

ROTTEN LUCK — MUH HOSS
CAST A SHOE, HE CAN'T GO
ON UNTIL I GET IT FIXED.
MUST BE A BLACKSMITH
IN THE NEXT TOWN.



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS





BLIND AS A BAT

The man on the black stallion was tall and thin. From a distance it seemed as though he were part of the horse. This was due to the fact that he wore dark trousers and a shirt of black hue. His double gun belt meant in the West that either he was a man of trouble or one who could handle himself under any circumstances. His two leather holsters were portly cut away so that he could draw his ivory handle .44's in a split second. At first as he entered Virginia City he was almost unnoticed. Phil McCreedy was on his way to his blacksmith shop when he spotted the stranger. One look at the face and he knew what the rider was. Phil hurried over to Sheriff Joe Greehy's office and without catching a second wind told the news.

"It's Tod Lanigan's son! The spittin' image of his father and dressed in the same kind of clothes his old man used to wear. Carrying two guns, sheriff. You know why he's here! Bet you he's going to avenge his father's death. There'll be gun play and death before the week is over. Mind you what I say. I hope it sends chills down the spine of Pete Romero and his gang."

The stout middle-aged man with the star on his shirt merely listened to what his friend the blacksmith had reported. His mind went back to that terrible day five months ago when his best friend Tod Lanigan had ridden as shot-gun guard on the Virginia City stagecoach carrying a shipment of fifty thousand dollars in gold.

"Somehow the news has leaked out," warned the sheriff, "and people know it isn't registered mail that's being carried. Let me send two of my best deputies with you, Tod. No use taking a chance with your life. After all you

got to think of your son back East."

But Tod had laughed in his characteristic manner. He was a barn fool when it came to trouble. He merely potted his two six shooters and then replied in his slow drawl.

"If trouble comes a-shootin' then it's shootin' it's going to get. No stagecoach has ever been held up when I was around. And if it's Pete Romero and his gang that's botherin' yuh, just forget it. I'll give them something to remember all their blasted long days."

When the stagecoach had returned driverless to Virginia City a hurriedly collected posse rode their horses at top neck speed to the scene of the tragedy. And it wasn't hard to figure out just what had happened. Neither Tod Lanigan nor Happy Slim the driver ever knew what hit them. They had each received both barrels of two shot guns from an ambush. Tod had had his head almost blown off and Hoppy had been blasted through the heart.

"It's Pete Romero and his gang," shouted Lou Sterns voicing the thoughts and sentiments of the members of the posse. "Why waste time? Let's ride back and hang them up in front of Romero's place as a warning that Virginia City doesn't tolerate these crimes."

"Suppose you cool down," warned the sheriff, "and remember I am the law in these parts. Because we don't like Romero and his boys doesn't say anything about who did the killings and took the gold. We got to get evidence, and when we do, that will be the end of these dirty killers."

An unnamed member of the posse spoke his mind in no uncertain words when he remarked. "They say that Tod has a son somewhere. Think he is out in Kansas or maybe Texas. Well if he's anything like his father then he'll be here to take care of things."

And now the son had come back to Virginia City and by this time everyone was probably spreading the news. The sheriff looked up from his desk and said something that had to be said.

"Thanks a lot, Phil, for telling me about it. Best thing a man like you can do is to stay off

COWBOY WESTERN

the streets for the week. You got a family and a lot of lead is going to be flying around. Wouldn't want a stray bullet to land in your carcass? You got a wife and two kids to support."

One of the show places of Virginia City was "The Big Drink Cofe" run by Pete Romero. Just now he was seated in his private office and surrounded by the members of his gang, Gus Leachy, Kid Sweeny and Jeff Martell. For five minutes they had sat in that room without speaking a word. Pete was playing with his long protruding chin and then finally spoke.

"It merely adds up to gambling odds. There are four of us and just one of him. He might get one of us, possibly two, but we can finish him off."

"You seem to forget one little mighty important thing," interrupted Kid Sweeny. "The gold you got hidden. If we get killed then you keep our share. The agreement was for the survivor to take all in case anyone got shot."

Pete had the answer on the tip of his tongue and he feared nobody.

For in each of his sleeves he carried a double barreled .40 derringer which could spit out death. He merely looked at Kid Sweeny with disgust.

"Why not go out and kill him? Looks like a cloudy night. If they find his body in the morning then you'll be ten thousand dollars richer. Well, what do you say?"

The kid merely tapped his gun holster. This would be easy cash in his pockets. You didn't have to shoot a man from the front. A bullet could enter from the back.

The evening was dreary and dismal. Kid Sweeney had spotted his prey. Burt Lonigan was crossing the muddy street to get onto the wooden planks that served as a sidewalk. The Kid took careful aim with his .45. There was one shot and he slumped to the ground dead. Pete was surrounded by the two remaining members of his gang in his office and they were highly nervous. Gus Leachy walked up and down the room and then stopped in front of his boss.

"Doc Jones had the Kid's body in his office. A .44 slug went right through his side and stopped him cold. Maybe Lonigan's son killed him. And then again maybe someone else did the shooting. A .44 can be fired from a Winchester as well as from a six shooter. At the distance he was standing you could have picked him off from a room upstairs."

They were insulting and fighting words but they failed to move Pete Romero. He knew the danger they faced and this was not the time to lose your head. He went to his desk and took out a deck of cards. He placed the deck on the top of his desk.

"We'll draw cards. Low man has to go out and kill Lonigan. Just remember he's human. We stopped the father with lead and we can do the same with the son. Time is precious so let's get down to business."

Gus Leachy drew the lowest card which was a three of hearts. He went into the bar and drank. Then he checked his six shooter and walked down the street. Mid-way to the sheriff's office he found himself facing a man dressed in dark clothing. And two blue eyes were staring out of an expressionless face.

"Get out of my way," challenged Leachy.

"Make me," was the retort.

Gus' right hand dropped closer to his holster. Yet Lonigan didn't make a move. The two eyes kept looking at him as though they were drilling two deadly holes.

"I'll kill you," shouted Gus as he drew his single action Colt. His thumb cocked the large spur and a bullet plowed into his head. Virginia City had another corpse on its hands.

It was a moonless night as Pete Romero and Jeff Martell slid off their horses at the entrance to Boothill cemetery. Quietly they walked to a grove marked "Tod Lonigan." Jeff started to dig with a shovel and he soon hit something hard. Four hands lifted a large wooden box.

"Now we divvy up and get out of Virginia City alive," said Jeff. "I got a feeling Death is hanging around and wants another victim."

"You got the right idea," snapped back Pete as the concealed derringer in his right sleeve went into action. A bullet plowed into Jeff's heart. Pete kicked the corpse into the hole and smiled as he realized all the gold was his.

"Don't move an inch," warned the sheriff as his voice came from somewhere in the darkness. "This place is surrounded by my men and we would rather bring back a corpse than have to hang you."

The trial had been swift and fair. In two hours Pete Romero would swing from the scaffold. The key turned in the lock and the sheriff opened the door.

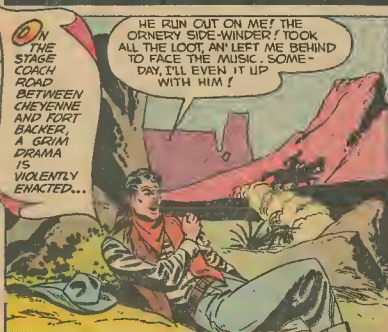
"Thought there is something you ought to know before you die," he began. "You all fell for our bait. Lonigan's son is almost blind. I had twenty of the best gun slingers from El Paso and Corson City come up here and deputized them. They watched Lonigan do and night. It was legal the way they killed two of your boys. And the reward all goes to Lonigan. Means he can go to Switzerland and get an eye operation. Blind as a bat!"

"Blind as a bat?" repeated Pete as it dawned upon him how blind he and his boys had been. The blind path to death . . .

The End

TRAIL'S End

LON DUGAN AND BUCK WINTERS WERE A PAIR OF OWL-HOOTS WHO'D SOONER KILL THAN EAT.. THEY LIVED BY THE GUN UNTIL THE MOMENT WHEN THEY REACHED THE...



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

LATER, IN FORT BACKER...

WELL, LAD.. GOT
BAD NEWS FOR
YUH! THAT ARM
HAS TO COME
OFF!

GO AHEAD,
DOC! DO
WHAT-YUH
H-HAVE TO
DO!

THIS AN'T GOIN' TO
KEEP YUH FROM
STANDIN' TRIAL
WINTERS! THERE
WAS \$5000
ABOARD THAT
STAGE, AN' THE
DRIVER, SHOT DEAD!
YOU'RE GOIN' AWAY
FOR A NICE LONG
VACATION AT THE
STATE PRISON!

AFTER SEVERAL WEEKS...

THE JURY FOUND
YUH GUILTY WINTERS.
AN' I HEREBY
SENTENCE YUH
TO A PERIOD OF
TEN YEARS IN
THE STATE
PRISON!

SOMEDAY
I'LL FIND LON
DUGAN, AN' WHEN
I DO HE'LL PAY
HEAVY FOR
WHAT'S HAPPENED
TO ME!

BUT WHILE
BUCK
GOES TO
PRISON, LON IS
DOING
WELL, HAVING
PURCHASED
A GAMBLING
CASINO
WITH THE
STAGE
COACH LOOT,
AND...

WE WANT YUH OUT OF DRY
RIVER, DUGAN! US RANCHERS
DON'T LIKE THE WAY YUH CHEAT
OUR COWPOKES HERE! THEY
LOSE EVERY CENT THEY
MAKE TO YOUR CARD
SHARPS, AN' MOST OF
'EM OWE YUH MONEY!

SO WHAT? IF THOSE SADDLE TRAMPS
WANT TO GAMBLE, I'M HERE TO PLEASE
'EM! WHAT'RE YUH GOIN' TO DO
'BOUT IT, MISTER HIX?

OFFICE

YUH CAME HERE
TWO YEARS AGO...
NOW, WE'RE GIVIN'
YUH THREE
WEEKS TO
GIT MOVIN', OR
THE VIGILANTES
COMMITTEE
WILL BURN
THIS PLAGUE
SPOT TO THE
GROUND!

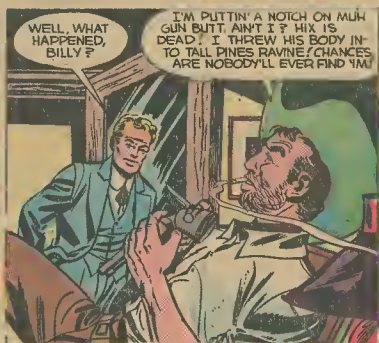
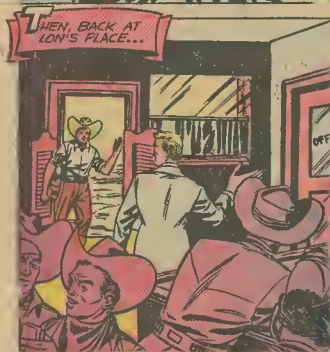
ON
YOUR
WAY, HIX
SHAKE DUST
WHILE YUH
CAN STILL
WALK!
NOBODY
THREATENS
ME!

THREE
WEEKS, AN' THAT'S
FINAL!

BILLY.. I
WONDER IF
SAM HIX COULD
MEET WITH AN
ACCIDENT ON
HIS WAY HOME?
A REAL BAD
ONE!

WHEN YUH
HIRED ME, MR.
DUGAN, I SAID I'D
DO ANYTHIN'. AN'
THAT STILL HOLDS!
I WONDER IF
HIX'S WIFE LOOKS
GOOD IN
BLACK?

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

1 HOURS LATER...



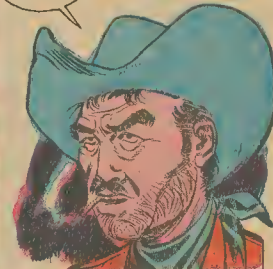
AFTER NORTON LEAVES...



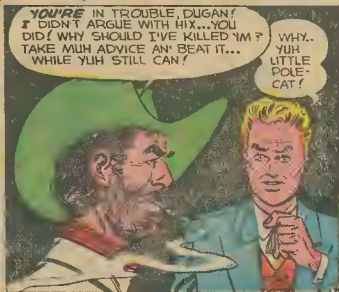
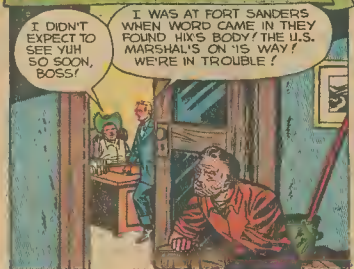
A WEEK LATER, BUCK WANDERS INTO DRY RIVER, AND...



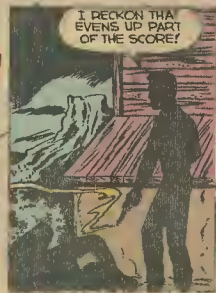
I'LL.. I'LL TAKE IT!



TWO WEEKS PASS, THEN, LATE ONE NIGHT...



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

HOURS LATER, AS DAWN IS BREAKING, THE GAMBLING HALL IS CLOSING...

HAD A BIG NIGHT, BILLY. SAY, BY THE WAY THAT ONE-ARMED TRAMP TOOK OFF. DIDN'T SEE HIM AROUND FOR HOURS LAST NIGHT!

JUST A DRIFTER! YOU GO HOME PETE! I'LL LOCK UP!



THERE HE GOES, AN' THE COAST IS CLEAR! THEY THOUGHT I WAS JUST A DRIFTER... BUT I WAS SMART ENOUGH TO LEARN THE COMBINATION TO THAT SAFE THE FIRST DAY I WAS HERE! IT'S EASY PICKIN'S FROM NOW ON!



AS BILLY IS ABOUT TO ENTER HIS CABIN...

STAND STILL AN' REACH!

HUH? WHAT IS THIS... A HOLD-UP? I GOT NO DOUGH! IT'S LOCKED UP IN THE SAFE IN TOWN!



WE GOT YUH COLD, BILLY! YUH DID A CLUMSY JOB WHEN YUH KILLED DUGAN! YUH DID BETTER ON PORE SAM HIX!

WHAT IN BLAZES ARE YUH TALKIN' ABOUT? I AIN'T SEEN DUGAN!

LET'S SEE YOUR GUN! HIX AN' DUGAN WERE EACH KILLED WITH A FORTY-FOUR, AN' THERE AIN'T MANY MEN WHO PACK 'EM THESE DAYS!



YEP, A FORTY-FOUR, ONE ROUND USED!

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, BILLY WILSON!

YUH AIN'T TAKIN' ME!



GIVE ME MY IRON AN' I'LL... YAH!!



THAT SAVES US ALL TIME! NOW THERE'S STILL ONE JOB TO BE DONE!

YEP! THAT'S TO BURN THE LAST DOLLAR TO THE GROUND! WHAT'RE WE WAITIN' FOR MEN? LET'S GET RID OF THAT PEST HOLE!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

MEANWHILE, BACK IN TOWN...

ALL THAT MONEY! THIS
MAKES UP FOR EVERYTHIN
I SUFFERED..THE YEARS
IN PRISON..MY ARM!



WHAT'S THAT?
RIDERS HEADIN'
THIS WAY..THEY'RE
AFTER ME!

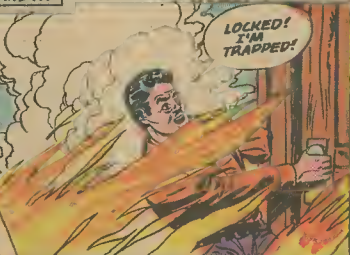


WHA...? FIRE! THE PLACE
IS BURNIN'! I CAN'T GO OUT
THE WINDOW..THEY'LL
SEE ME!



THE DRY WOOD OF THE FLIMSY BUILDING CATCHES FIRE
QUICKLY, AND...

LOCKED!
I'M
TRAPPED!



NO! NO! IT CAN'T HAPPEN
THIS WAY! THIS AIN'T
WHAT I PLANNED!



THERE IT GOES! I HOPE
THIS WILL ACT AS A WARNIN'
FOR OTHERS LIKE DUGAN!

IT'S TRAIL'S
END FOR
HIS BREED!



**THE
END**

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

Yellow Gold

RUMOR HAD IT THAT OLD HARRY CRAWFORD FINALLY HAD STRUCK IT RICH AFTER YEARS OF TRAMPING THE SIERRA FOOTHILLS... THEN THE CAVALRY BROUGHT IN HIS BODY... SCALPED / OBVIOUSLY THE WORK OF INDIANS, SAID THE TOWNSPEOPLE... WHO WOULD SCALP A MAN BUT A REDSKIN? BUT THE MARSHAL KNEW THE APACHE NATION HAD BEEN AT PEACE SINCE THE LITTLE BIGHORN... AND WANTED TO STAY THAT WAY!

WHY... YES, MARSHAL... I CAN STACK A DECK... BUT I AINT DONE IT FER YEARS / WHY DO YOU ASK?

NEVER MIND / JUST A HUNCH / WE'RE GETTIN' INTO THE GAME, JIM... GIVE ME CARDS TO BEAT ED MARTIN THERE, TILL HE'S NEARLY BROKE! / WHEN I GIVE YOU THE SIGN, GIVE HIM A GOOD HAND!



SURE, MARSHAL / LAWMAN'S MONEY SPENDS AS GOOD AS ANYONE'S! / SIT IN!

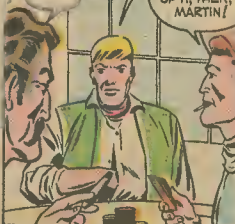
TAKE MY PLACE... I'M GETTIN' OUT!



AFTER HOURS OF PLAY... I GO AHEAD, I'D RAISE A HUNDRED MORE MARTIN. BUT I DONT SEE ANY MONEY LEFT IN FRONT OF YA...

YOU'RE CALLED! I'VE... I'VE GOT THE MONEY!

LET'S SEE THE COLOR OF IT, THEN, MARTIN!



GOLD? DIDN'T KNOW YA WAS PROSPECTIN' MARTIN!

YEAH... SURE! / UP AROUND THE BLACK HILLS... COUPLE YEARS BACK...

I'M OUT!

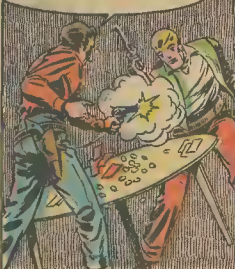


YOU'RE A LIAR / BLACK HILLS GOLD IS RED FROM COPPER DEPOSITS... THIS HERE IS YELLOW GOLD! / YA NEVER PANNED THIS DUST, MARTIN! / YA KILLED CRAWFORD FOR IT...!

WHY... YA DIRTY...



YA SCALPED HIM TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE APACHES GOT HIM... BUT THE INJUNS AINT LOOKIN' FOR ANYMORE WAR WITH THE WHITE MEN!



AND APACHES DON'T KILL FER GOLD... THAT'S A WHITE MAN'S HABIT! / IF THEY'D KILLED HIM, THEY'D LEFT AN ARROW IN HIM TO HOLD IN THE EVIL SPIRIT... APACHE SUPERSTITION! / WASN'T NOTHIN' IN CRAWFORD'S BODY BUT A BULLET HOLE IN HIS BACK!



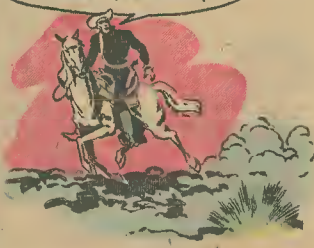
COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

WHEN THE CRANFORD FAMILY WAS SLAUGHTERED AT THEIR FARM, A BLOODY WAR OF VENGEANCE SEEMED READY TO BREAK OUT AGAINST THE MURAKI TRIBE! THEN A STRANGER RODE INTO LONE PINE... INTO THE MIDST OF A TOWN BEING SPURRED ON TO MASS MURDER BY A...

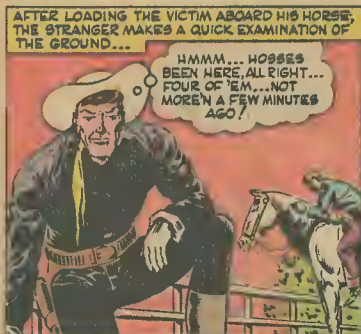
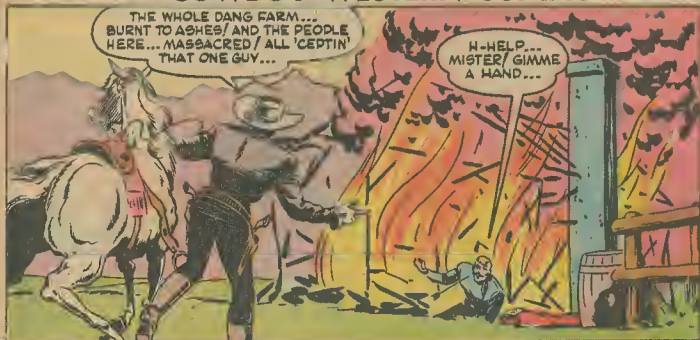
CRY FOR REVENGE



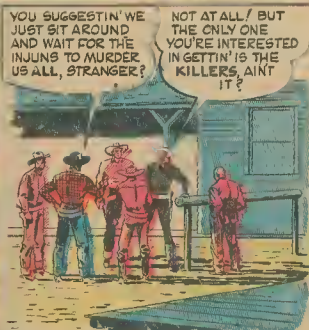
AT THE SAME MOMENT, ACROSS THE PLAIN, A STRANGER LOOKS UP IN SURPRISE...
C'MON, HOBBS... LET'S GO HAVE A LOOK-SEE / MEBBE IT'S NOTHIN' AT ALL... BUT THEN AGAIN IT MAY BE TROUBLE / GIDDYAP!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



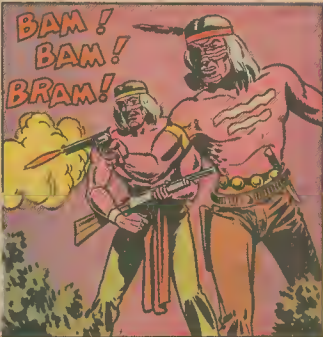
COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

THAT NIGHT SAM AND HIS PARTNERS CAMP A FEW MILES FROM THE MURAKI CAMP ...

THEY SLEEP...
COME MURAKI BROTHERS!
IT IS TIME FOR US
TO STRIKE!



BAM!
BAM!
BRAM!

SLASH THEM TO
SHREDS/ NOW NO
ONE CAN DENY THE
MURAKI ARE
KILLERS!

FOOLS! THEY
RODE RIGHT INTO
OUR AMBUSH!

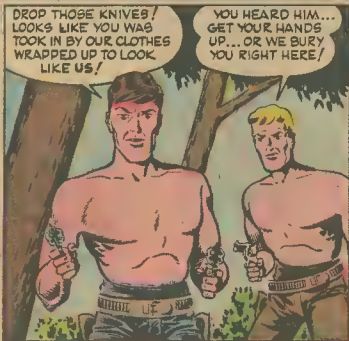


HOLD
IT,
BOYS!



DROP THOSE KNIVES!
LOOKS LIKE YOU WAS
TOOK IN BY OUR CLOTHES
WRAPPED UP TO LOOK
LIKE US!

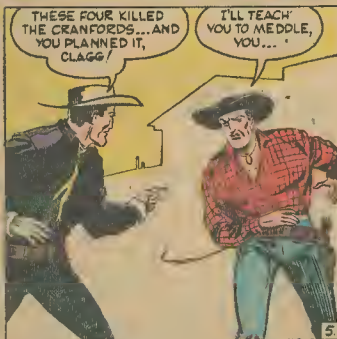
YOU HEARD HIM...
GET YOUR HANDS
UP... OR WE BURY
YOU RIGHT HERE!



LET'S GET THESE BOYS INTO JAIL
BEFORE ANYONE SEES 'EM...OR
THEY'LL NEVER LIVE TO BE
PUT ON TRIAL!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS





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WHILE THEY LAST!

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ON THE BEAM!

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**BOYS! GIRLS!
LADIES!
MEN!**

WE GIVE YOU **CASH** OR **PREMIUMS!**

MAIL
COUPON

Football,
Pocket
Watches,
etc.

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NOW!

HURRY

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Cartoon Sets, Aluminum Ware,
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coupon for SALVE
and pictures to
start.

ACT
NOW

BE
FIRST

LET'S
GO!

LOOK!

Food Chop-
pers, Carving
Sets, Bibles,
Mail coupon.

ACT
NOW!

ACT NOW

Ukeleles,
Watches,
Lovable
Dolls.

Radios,
Candid Cameras with carrying
cases, Telescopes, Roller
Skates (sent postage paid).
... Mail coupon to start.

**WE TRUST
YOU!**

22 Cal.
Rifles, Arch-
ery Sets, School
Boxes, Wallets,
Mail coupon for
SALVE and
pictures to
start.

Boys', Girls'
Wrist
Watches,
Baking Sets,
Typewriters,
etc.

ACT NOW!

SAY! THAT CAMERA DIDN'T COST
SURE IS SUPERSONIC! ME A DIME-
YOU MUST HAVE JUST GOT IT FOR
STRUCK A SELLING WHITE
URANIUM LOOE! CLOVERINE
BRAND
SALVE!

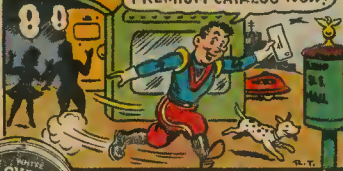
HURRY
AN' GET
DE-PRES-
SURIZED!

JUMPIN'
JUPITER!
YOU'RE SURE
SIZZLING TH'
DL' ROCKET
TODAY, TED!

I'M IN A HURRY TO GET
BACK TO OUR EARTH BASE
PENNY, THE MAIL MAN'S BRING-
ING MY NEW CAMERA!

OUTTA MY JET TRAIL, MATES - I'M MAILING
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OUR 58th YEAR

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Candid Cameras with carrying case,
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White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE
easily sold to friends, neigh-
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Gentlemen: Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pic-
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within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commis-
sion as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent
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NAME _____ AGE _____
ST. _____ B O. _____ BOX _____
TOWN _____ ZONE NO. _____ STATE _____

PRINT LAST
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